

fir Iohn Yea, but by the grace of God and Hums aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Elnor. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Iordane*, the
cunning witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullinbrooke* and the rest,
and will they vnder take to do me good?

fir Iohn I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise
a spirit from the depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your
grace all questions you demaund.

Elnor. Thanks good *fir Iohn*, some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:

For now the King is riding to Saint Albons,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him:
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard here,
There cast their spells in silence of the night,
And so resolute of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake; and so farewell.

exit Elnor.

fir Iohn Now *fir Iohn Hum*, no words but mum,
Scale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,
The Dutches she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie duke of Suffolke,
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Dutches fall,
Who now by coniurations thinks to raise:
But whist *fir Iohn*, no more of that I trow,
For feare you lose your head before you go.

exit.

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the
Armourers man.*

1 Peti. Come sirs, let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,

That

That we may shew his grace our seuerall causes.
2 Peti. I pray God saue the good *Humphries* life
For but for him, a many were vndone,
That can get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and
take him for Duke Humphrey, and giues
him their writtings.*

1 Peti. Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of S
Queen Now good felows, whom would you speak
2 Peti. If it please your maiestie, with my Lord Pro
Grace.

Queen Are your sutes to his grace? let vs see them
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suffolke. A comp'aunt against the Cardinalls man,
What hath he done?

2 Peti. Mary my lord, he hath stolne away my w
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to fin
Suffolk. Hath he stolne thy wife, thats some iniury in
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Mary *fir* I come to tell you that my
said, that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the C
and that the King was an vsurer.

Queen An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter Yea forsooth an vsurper.

Queen Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter No forsooth, I said my master said so, th'ot
when we were scowring the Duke of *Yorke*s armour
garret.

Suff. Yea mary this is something like,
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Pursuant for his master straight,
Weele heare more of this before the King.

B 2